

3

2

RICHARD in CYPRUS.

T R A G E D Y.

A T A N T I C

By T. T E R E S.



L O N D O N :

Printed by FRANCIS BETH, No. 87, Cornhill;

Sold also by G. KEARSLY, Ludgate-Street; S. BLADON,
Pater-noster-Row; and T. DURHAM, Charing-Cross.

(Price ONE SHILLING and SIX-PENCE.)

E R R A T A.

Page 66, Line 19, for *gen'rous*, read *generous*.

68, 14, for *dire*, read *direful*.

73, 14, after *join*, read *us*.

74, 20, for *adventures*, read *adventurers*.

87, 6, for *dispair*, read *despair*.





P R O L O G U E.

SONS of those dauntless, tho' unpolish'd fires,
 Whose bosoms glow'd with all ambition's fires,
 Come, and behold the deeds of former times,
 And England's praise diffus'd thro' Eastern climes.

See the first Richard in the noblest light—
 See him in honour's cause provoke the fight—
 See him fly swifter than the lightning's beam,
 From savage hands his consort to redeem—
 See him with open virtue conquer art—
 O glorious man! O truly English heart!
 See, did I say?—Oh no! you must not see—
 So runs the fix'd, the absolute decree—
 Yet read, yet judge the humbly offer'd page,—
 Left is the closet, tho' denied the stage—
 In the cool moment of impartial thought,
 There to his trial be the author brought—
 There, if you praise, the praise indeed is great—
 There, if you blame, he bows him to his fate.



E P I L O G U E

Supposed to be spoken by the TRAGIC
and COMIC MUSES.

Tragic Muse.

DAUGHTER of folly dare not here be found—
 Away, begone, 'tis consecrated ground—
 Com'ft thou, deluder, with a frothy jest,
 To drive each tender feeling from the breast—
 When an whole audience melts in silent woe,
 At scenes of virtue suff'ring here below,
 With idle mirth shalt thou attempt to dry
 The tear of pity from the gen'rous eye?—
 When guilt is shown in blackest colours drest,
 And all the villain's character detest,
 Shalt thou, with smiles, be suffer'd to controul
 Th' indignant flame that kindles in the soul?—
 Hence with each wanton look, each wanton sound—
 Away, begone, 'tis consecrated ground.

Comic

E P I L O G U E 3

Comic Muse.

In truth, a mighty pretty solemn speech—
 A Cambridge Ode could scarcely higher reach!—
 Fine words!—But let me say, without offence,
 They labour not a little in the sense—
 For, sister, (and, in spite of all your pride,
 We, to each other, nearly are allied,)
 All playful as I am, I may not yield
 To your Serene Magnificence the field—
 If you intill the sentiment refin'd,
 With social virtues I adorn the mind—
 True honour, if your solemn lines impart,
 My smiles no less can benefit the heart—
 Your grave orations, and my sprightly pen,
 Alike are useful to the sons of men.

Tragic Muse.

I grant your mirth in season may be good—
 But wherefore on my spectacles intrude—
 When high-wrought scenes have melted age and youth,
 And drawn the passions to the side of truth,
 Ought you to beat the ludicrous alarm,
 Expose the fiction, and dissolve the charm?—
 Ought you to come insidious like a thief,
 And steal away the luxury of grief—
 Shame, that such Epilogues should e'er prevail,
 That angel forms should have a serpent's tail.

Comic

6 EPILOGUE.

Comic Muse.

Right—dip your pen in sulphur, my sweet saint—
What you dislike, in odious colours paint—
Hard words, if proofs are wanting, help the cause—
'Tis a sure method to obtain applause—

And would you have your votaries retain
The deep impressions of your doleful strain?—
So from the play his Lordship, or his Grace,
To court might go with rueful length of face,
And thus repeat, (tears streaming from his eyes)
O, Royal Sir, the noble Timur dies—
So, from the box, the tender hearted Dame,
Home should retire, and entering thus exclaim,
As to her arms her children fondly run,
Wretched Mandane, wilt thou slay thy son!—
O, charming thought! O scheme divinely plann'd!
To fill with sighs harmonious all the land.

Tragic Muse.

Sweet is the voice of humanizing woe,
And sweet the drops, that from compassion flow;
Sweet the sensation at the mournful scene;—
Not so, the laugh at ribaldry obscene:—
Think, Sorc'refs, how thou hast profan'd a stage,
Meant to instruct, and purify the age—
How spoil'd my moral with thy impious freaks—
How rais'd the crimfon in the virgin's cheeks—
Think from thy lips what dang'rous periods fall,
What lines immodest——

Comic

EPILOGUE 7

Comic Muse.

———I disclaim them all—
 Never by genuine Comedy was shown
 A scene, that innocence might blush to own—
 Gay tho' I am, I solemnly abjure
 Each look, each word, each sentiment impure.
 Ye kind spectators of this grave debate,
 To you I fly, your sentence I await—
 Lively, but chaste, your patronage I court,
 Protect my harmless joke, my harmless sport—
 In lib'ral censure it is mine to deal,
 Smile at your foibles, and in smiling heal—
 Will you not let me then with mirth allay
 The tragic pang, and send you pleas'd away?
 You will—I thank you—in return attend,
 And take this counsel from a faithful friend—
*Would you be blest—be cheerfulness your plan—
 A cheerful heart is dear to God and Man.*



PER-

Persons Represented.

RICHARD,	}	Kings of	{	England,
PHILIP,				France,
COMENES,				Cyprus.

MARSHAL,	}	English	{	
GLANVILLE,				

COURCY,	}	French	{	Noblemen,
MONTMORENCY,				

ORSAMES,	Cyprian
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BERELDA, Princess of Navarre, betroth'd to
Richard.

IDALIA, Princess of Cyprus.

ARBANE, Attendant on the Cyprian Princess.

Scene. A Saloon in the Palace of Limesol, in Cyprus.



RICHARD in CYPRUS.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

COMENES, IDALIA.

COMENES.

WELL art thou met, Idalia—from the
square,

Now whilst the ranks are forming, ere the gates
Wide op'ning pour the squadrons on the plain,
Thy father comes in tenderness of love,
To ask how fares the princess—if her griefs
Are soften'd, and the violence of woe
Subsides—if rest has stopt her flowing tears
And calm'd the sorrows of her throbbing breast.

B

IDALIA.

10 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

IDA LIA.

Such intermissions are for common griefs,
Not such Berelda feels—Alas, my father,
She mourns, and surely will for ever mourn
Her fate divided from the king of England.

COMENES.

Not so, my daughter, dwells within the breast
The bitterness of woe—at first, indeed,
The softness of her sex, her early youth,
And disappointed hopes, will print her soul
With liveliest marks of sorrow—But when time
With lenient hand has shaded her distress,
Her gentle bosom will again resume
Its wonted ease, and learn again to love.

IDA LIA.

O never, never—

COMENES.

Doubt it not, my daughter;—
O doubt not but the rapt'rous hour will come,
When, beaming sweetness from her matchless
eye,
She shall accept the offer'd throne of Cyprus—
But thou be watchful in thy father's cause—
Soothe the dear mourner, and with friendship's
balm
Assuage her pangs—In Sicily, her love,
Her choice regard was on thee, 'till the hour,
When hopeless passion forc'd me to retire
Abruptly

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. II

Abruptly from the glories of that court,
And seek repose at home—avail thee then
Of her esteem, direct her rapid thoughts,
And teach her to imbibe another flame.

IDA L I A.

I know obedience to a parent's will
The first of virtues—yet my heart bleeds for her,
Unhappy princess, from what glory fall'n—
Recall but two short days, she was the pride,
And envy of her sex, the destin'd queen
Of England, the belov'd of Cœur de Lion—
Wafted by filken sails, and rich with gold,
Her proud ship plough'd the bosom of the deep,
Steering for Judah's coast—the fleets around
With wonder gaz'd, and homag'd her their
queen—

How is her lot revers'd—the tempests rise,
Wild winds deform the ocean, terror spreads
His fierce dominion o'er the black abyfs—
Frighted she seeks the port, the friendly port,
Where great Comenes reigns, and landing hails
The hospitable shore—ah me! what change
Awaits her—here no hospitable shore
She finds, divided from her faithful train,
And doom'd to see her godlike lord no more.

C O M E N E S.

Such be her fate—my very soul detests
The name of Richard—in whose specious sight,

12 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

The kings of Cyprus, Sicily, and France,
Shone with diminish'd lustre to the people—
Tancred, and Philip, ye have cause to hate him,
But not to hate like me—O! when he woo'd
And won the fair Navarre, what pangs it cost
me,

To keep my dreadful secret—forc'd at last
To end the struggle by a shameful flight.

IDALIA.

Too well you kept the secret—O my father,
Had I then known the struggles of your soul,
I might have pleaded for you with success—
But now they are betroth'd—

COMENES.

———No more, Idalia—

I have her, and she shall be only mine—
O! when despair, and anguish writh'd my heart,
Pois'ning the pleasures of my life, and throne—
In that black moment to have found the fair,
Driv'n by a lucky tempest to my arms—
Exulting thought—my day at length is come,
And love, and hate are gratified alike—

She too may well exchange her northern isle,
Whose utmost boast is rough unconquer'd valour,
For oriental pomp, and gorgeous state.

IDALIA.

But what will Europe, what the Croizes say?—
Will not th' united arms of France, and Eng-
land

Demand

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 13

Demand her back?—her ever glorious Richard,
The thunderbolt of war, whose youthful fame
Already fills the nations with alarms,
Will he not pour destruction on our isle,
And make me tremble for a father's life?

C O M E N E S.

Is he a God, Idalia, that thou fear'st
Thy father's life?—Think'st thou this northern
blaze
Shall dim the fuller glories of our reign?—
Have we so far forgot our ancient virtue?—
But know, before an hour is past, we meet him—
Impatient of delay the madman comes—
Too furious to await his scatter'd ships,
He scarce collects a miserable troop,
To fall an easy sacrifice before me.

S C E N E II.

ORSAMES, COMENES, IDALIA.

O R S A M E S.

All that the king commanded is perform'd—
Marshal'd in close array his armies wait
The last command—they breathe redoubled
ardour,
And fighting in his sight are sure to conquer.—
But

14 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

But other cares demand the royal breast—
A second fleet, now doubling quick the point,
Unfurls its snowy banners to the breeze—
Soon will they reach the land——

COMENES.

——— I thank thy care,
Orsames—these for the white arms of France
I recognize—and to augment my glories
They come—for long ere they approach the
city
I give the English to the dogs of Cyprus,
Then flush'd with conquest lead my troops a-
gainst them.

But from the turret's height ourself will view
These bold invaders—'tis a monarch's wisdom
To see with his own eyes—mean while, Idalia,
Let the fair princess know, before I join
The shock of battle, I resolve to see her.

(*Exeunt* Com. and Ors.)

SCENE III.

IDALIA, ARBANE.

IDALIA.

Ah me! the measure of my woe is full—
Approach Arbane—from the queen's apartment

I

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 15

I mark thy steps returning—hapless queen—
Say, have her tears abated ought, whilst me
My selfish grief in solitude detain'd,
Her sister, her companion in distress?

ARBANE.

O princess, such composure stills her breast
As wears the mark of sorrow—fix'd her eye—
Her thoughts intense devouring her affliction—
Great is her cause for tears—but thee, what cares
What troubles shall molest, in pow'r, in place
Exalted, and ador'd thro' all the realm.

IDALIA.

Ah! what is pomp—thou know'st not, that
e'en now
Rude war deforms the kingdom—that my father
Hazards this day his precious life in battle.

ARBANE.

Strange is the news, yet hence take no alarm—
Oft has he fought the battles of his people,
Wading thro' slaughter'd foes to high renown,
And conquest ever sat upon his helm.

IDALIA.

And if he conquers, what a wretch am I!

ARBANE.

O princess, ever honour'd, and rever'd
What may this mean?—some dreadful secret lurks
Conceal'd within thy breast—I fear to ask—
Yet were thy servant worthy of thy trust—

IDALIA.

16 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

 I D A L I A,

Yes, thou shalt learn the tortures of my soul—
But thou wilt start, Arbane, when I tell thee
That he, whose life my father seeks this day
With deadly hate, the glorious king of England,
The first of heroes, whose consummate form
And loveliness of person, never maid
Yet saw without a sigh, whose faith betroth'd,
O agony! Berelda has receiv'd,
Lives thro' my life, possesses all Idalia
With such excess of love, as swallows up
All thoughts besides, all passions, all affections—
Now dost thou tremble for me? Dost thou see
The thousand horrors, that surround Idalia?—
Perhaps this very day he breathes his last;
Terrible thought! it is not to be borne—
Or thro' my father's blood he wades perhaps
Heav'ns can I bear it! to Berelda's arms.

 A R B A N E.

Alas! what have I heard!—now is reveal'd
The fatal cause, that made my sov'reign stranger
To all delight—that tied her tongue in silence,
Whilst all her faithful servants inly mourn'd.

 I D A L I A.

What woman could, Arbane, I have done—
For reason, well I know, condemns my passion—
But what is reason to resistless love?

 A R B A N E.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 17

ARBANE.
Unhappy Princess.

ITALIA.
— Listen to my words—

Thou know'st the Princes of the world were met,
United in the sacred cause of Heav'n—
To fair Sicilia's isle their pow'rs they drew
In general rendezvous—thither the fair
Resorted from the different courts of Europe,
For beauty loves to be where valour dwells.—

Amid the Croizes two outshone the rest—
Richard, and Philip the August of France;—
Philip, from early youth, train'd up in arms,
With painful toil had earn'd the name of Great—
But Richard, all at once, blaz'd forth the hero—
Him follow'd ev'ry eye, and ev'ry tongue
Proclaim'd his glory—majesty, and grace,
Amiably blended, fix'd in him their throne.

How shall I tell the splendour of the court,—
The royal feast, the manly tournament,
Th' enchanting musick, and the sprightly ball?

ARBANE.
O impotence of splendour—vain delights—
How little can ye fill the human heart!—

ITALIA.
Young as I was, at first indeed they charm'd me,—
But, by degrees, alas, I knew not why,
Still less and less they pleas'd—soft musick lost

C

Its

18 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Its pow'r, when he was absent, and the ball
Was solitude—by steps thus unperceiv'd,
My heart was gone, before I thought of danger—

Nor did I know it his, till jealous pangs
Taught me the dreadful secret,—till I found
At once my wishes, and despair together—
Thou know'st the beauties of the fair Navarre
Subdued his heart, and she return'd his flame—

What follows is despair, and hopeless passion—
Peace banish'd from my bosom, where he reigns
Absolute Lord, and will for ever reign,
Tho' not the shadow of an hope is left.—

Yet why—has he not lost his dear Berelda,
The chosen of his heart—for ever lost her—
Is she not destin'd to my father's bed?

A R B A N E.

O! have a care—assert your native virtue,
Nor look that way.—

I D A L I A.

———Well, well, there needs not this—
I know what honour and my sex demand—
But woes on woes hang o'er me—O this war—
I tremble for my father, for my love
I tremble, and I ought to tremble too
For poor Berelda,—but my virtue fails,
Mean, selfish as I am, it fails me there.

A R B A N E.

O, Princess, ev'ry comfort is denied thee,

But

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 19

But that of conscious innocence,—and still
Thou hast it in thy pow'r to hold that fast—
Pardon thy servant's boldness, and instruct her
What thou wilt do——

IDALIA.

——What I will do, Arbane!—
That which I ought—be just, and bow to fate—
Perish my heart, if capable to turn
From honour's path—and what must be the love,
That seeks not the beloved object's good—
Far be it from Idalia.—I will serve,
E'en in my rival I will serve thee, Richard,
Tho' ev'ry form of horror hovers round me—

But see the door of fair Berelda's chamber
Slow moving on its hinge—she comes this way,
Nor knows the danger, that awaits her Lord—
Unhappy mourner, be thy sorrows sacred—
Retire Arbane, whilst I wait her presence.

(Exit. Arb.)

SCENE IV.

BERELDA, IDALIA.

BERELDA.

Behold, Idalia, her, whom late thou left'st
The prey of tears, the sport of sad affliction,

20 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Behold her chang'd—She has resum'd herself,
Her inborn dignity; and leaves to guilt,
And treachery, the tortures of the soul—
See on her brow composure, in her eye
Fix'd resolution—daunted by her presence
The man, who could betray, shall stand con-
founded.

IDALIA.

O Queen, august in woe, are these the signs
Of heart-felt peace?—So the deceitful calm,
Foreruns the storm—awhile thy native greatness
May lift thee thus above all human height—
Awhile it may,—But when soft thoughts succeed,
Thou wilt descend, alas! to tenfold misery.

BERELDA.

It is not so, Idalia—tho' at first
The woman in my breast o'ercame the Queen—
But I consider since, it ill becomes
Her, whom high heav'n selected from her sex,
And gave her the first lot of earthly glory,
At whose feet Richard sigh'd, to waste her time
In idle tears, and womanish laments—
No, let us rather brave the threat'ning storm,
And show ourself the partner of his virtues—

It argues too distrust in him, to weep—
As if he would not come with pow'rful arm
To save me—darting terror from his eye,
And bearing vengeance on his weapon's point,
I trust, he comes, and what shall bar his way?

IDALIA.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 21

IDA LIA.

Alas! Berelda, thou deceiv'st thyself,
Not me, thy friend, who fain would speak of
comfort—

But when I tell thee of thy wish fulfill'd,
I fear I shall speak daggers—Richard gives,
Already gives his banners to the wind,
And war will soon put on his robes of blood.

B E R E L D A.

Daggers! thou better than thy father's race—
No, thou speak'st joy and safety—shall I fear?—
What should I fear?—he comes secure of con-
quest—

Heav'ns, thou may'st well remember, in the days
Of shining pomp, when ev'ry Prince drew out
His banded pow'rs in general review,
The troops of England shone beyond compare
Most glorious—from the white brigades of
France,

From ev'ry nation of the christian world,
The red still bore the honour of the day—
With these he comes to free his Queen be-
troth'd.

IDA LIA.

Ah me! deluding hope with gay ideas
Paints the fair vision—how I dread to answer—

But see my father on the palace steps
Ascending—thee he seeks—it ill becomes

A

22 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

A daughter, who, with reverential awe,
Pursues her fire; yet not approves this act,
To wait the conf'rence——

IDALIA.

——Then retire my friend—
Me, my just cause with confidence of mind
Inspires, and I will dash this bold presumer.

(Exit Idal.)

SCENE V.

COMENES, BERELDA.

COMENES.

O Queen, whose beauty sets the world in arms,
Whom rival Kings contend for—At this hour
Thy triumphs are compleat—The sword of war
Unsheath'd is ready for the work of death,
And hosts oppos'd, demand thee for their Queen.

BERELDA.

Thou goest then to the battle——

COMENES.

——Yes, I go—
Sure of success, because I fight for thee,
Thou loveliest work of heav'n.—

BERELDA.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 23

BERELDA.

——— If thou would'st conquer,
Draw forth thy sword before thy armed pow'rs,
And tell them what a glorious cause is thine—
Set forth thy double treach'ry, and deceit,—
Thy baseness, most unworthy of a Prince—
This sure will nerve their arms—then bending
low,

Adore the God of Justice—He, no doubt,
Will weigh thy merits in his righteous scale,
And give thee the success thy actions claim.

COMENES.

Blame not, fair Princess, what thy beauties
cause—
Call it not treach'ry, but excess of love—
And soon will it be seen who best deserves thee.

BERELDA.

Soon, soon, shall it be seen to thy confusion—
The thunders of the King of England wait,
To roll their bolts on thy devoted head.

COMENES.

What can the King of England?—Bare of
troops,
His chosen warriors tossing on the seas,
Madly he comes to claim thee—but I see
Words are in vain—deeds shall approve my
worth—
I go, Berelda, never to return,

Till

24 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Till laurels deck my brow—till thou behold'st
A conqu'ror, and a King demand thy love.

(Exit Comen.)

SCENE VI.

BEREYD A.

And is it so?—where then are all my hopes—
Where is my boasted courage—hide me night
In tenfold darkness—hide me from myself—
For terror is upon me—Mad, mad Richard—
Thy valour will undo thee—wretched Queen,
To some deep gloom, some unfrequented corner,
O fly, and hide thee from the sight of man.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 25

ACT. II. SCENE I.

BERELDA, IDALIA.

BERELDA.

IN vain I hide me in the deepest gloom;
I cannot fly myself—tormenting thought,
And horrid recollection still pursue me—
I hear the shout of war, and dread o'erwhelms
me.—

O come, Idalia, to my friendly bosom,
And comfort the distresses of my soul.

IDALIA.

Ah! who shall speak of comfort in the hour
Of unabating terror—nearer still,
The noise approaches—father, friends, and
country,
Dearest of names, perhaps are now no more.

BERELDA.

O! I outgo thee far in wretchedness—
Embattled hosts protect the Cyprian realm—
But what shall shield the breast, where ho-
nour dwells,
And love resides?—More than my friends, or fa-
ther—

D

More

26 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

More than my country at this instant bleeds—
Then his rash valour—ev'ry thing concurs
To tell me, that the hour of fate is come.

IDALIA.

Again, the louder shouts annoy the air—
Alas! the Cyprian arms have fought in vain—
Ah! who comes here? — Orsames, pale and
breathless—
Where then is Cyprus? —

SCENE II.

ORSAMES, IDALIA, BERELDA.

ORSAMES.

—— Cyprus is no more—
One luckless hour has levell'd all her glories—
Her thousands fly before an English sword—
Her city gates are forc'd—her foes possess
Whatever she could boast of great and noble.

IDALIA.

What of my father?

ORSAMES.

—— Princes, tho' I fought
Close by his side, I know not, if he lives—
All on a sudden, where th' uplifted sword

Of

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 27

Of Richard mow'd the ranks, and thinn'd the
war,

Swift as the lightning's path he pierc'd his way—
I strove to follow, but o'erbearing crouds
Drove me to distance—Soon his waving crest,
His soldier's hope, and sure support in battle,
Fell to be seen no more—and with it fell
The Cyprian ardour—dread, and deep dismay,
Seiz'd on our troops, and fatal rout ensu'd.

IDA L I A.

Horrid recital—to be seen no more,
He fell too surely—hapless we, who live
To certain chains, and everlasting ruin.

O R S A M E S.

O, Princess, 'tis not now th' inactive hour
Of sad despair!—Perhaps the King yet lives—
If not, thy country turns her eyes on thee.

IDA L I A.

Helpless and wretched, what, alas, can I!—

O R S A M E S.

Thy tears, perhaps, may mitigate our woes—
Thou hast not wrong'd the conqu'ror—fierce
and ardent
Report proclaims him—but proclaims him too
Steady to honour's lore—his hopes fulfill'd,
He will disdain to wreak unmanly vengeance—
The Queen too, in whose breast thou claim'st
a share,

D 2

Re-

28 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Restor'd to all her wishes, will she see
Unmov'd thy sorrows, and not rather strive
To lessen thy unmerited distress? ——
Behold, we are before her—In her hand
Our fate is plac'd——O let us claim her pity,
And we, who now lament, may smile once
more.

BERELDA.

It is enough—the servant of the throne,
Who speaks like thee the words of faithful duty
May claim my sure protection—Go in peace—

(Exit. Orsam.)

SCENE III.

BERELDA, IDALIA,

BERELDA.

Why droops my friend?—Why seek her eyes
the ground? ——
Can she have lost, if her Berelda gains?

IDALIA.

Yes, she has lost, what cannot be regain'd—
She mourns her peace of mind for ever gone—
A desolated realm; a ruin'd people;
A royal father in the shades of death,

BERELDA.

BERELDA.

Imaginary woes—all but the last,
And that is justly doubtful—Let not grief
Gather the roses from thy lovely cheek—
Thy peace shall straight return, thy land rejoice,
And thou, I trust, embrace again thy father.

IDALIA.

Such hopes, alas! are vain.—

BERELDA.

— Am I then base?—
Have I no spark of gratitude within me?—
Shall I not soothe the soother of my pangs?—
O! thou dost injury to sacred friendship,
And ev'ry finer feeling of the soul.

IDALIA.

No pow'r on earth can save a wretch like
me—
Not but I see thee eminently good—
More anxious to relieve a friend's distress,
Than to enjoy the raptures that pour on thee—
That friend, however, gratulates thy joy,—
And, at her own sad sufferings, less repines,
Because, thro' them alone, thou could'st be hap-
py.

BERELDA.

Thou who hast shar'd my heart in ev'ry trial,
Must still partake my lot—with me must reign,
As with me thou hast sigh'd—So truth demands,
And

30 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

And love, that changes not with changing fortune—

And hark, the shout of triumph this way
hastens—

He comes to bless us —

IDALIA.

— Be thou blest for ever.—

I go to weep my miserable fate.

BERELDA.

Soon shall thy tears be dry'd—with me thy
cause

Is safe entrusted.—I will bring thee comfort.

(Exit. Idal.)

SCENE IV.

RICHARD, MARSHAL, GLANVILLE,
BERELDA.

RICHARD.

Here leave me friends—Lord Marshal, be
thy care

To post the guards, and calm the frightened city—
Glanville be thine, to thank my faithful war-
riors,

And bring the captive Monarch to my presence.

(Exeunt Marsh. and Glanv.)

SCENE V,

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 31

SCENE V.

RICHARD, BERELDA.

RICHARD.

Now for a joy, that mocks the pow'r of
speech—
My Queen, receive thy soldier to thy arms.

BERELDA.

Kind providence, thou see'st my grateful
transport.

RICHARD.

Past is the hour of bitterness and rage—
Ye cruel storms, I blame you now no more—
This meeting overpays me for my pangs.

BERELDA.

Lord of my ev'ry thought, thou art restor'd
me,
And sorrow is forgot—how shall I thank thee?

RICHARD.

And do I stand acquitted in thy fight? —
Indeed I have not lost a single moment.

BERELDA.

No, thou art rapid, as the beam of day—
Yet have I trembled at thy rash attempt; —
But for thy brilliant victory, which shows
Thou art an host alone, I could have ask'd,
Why was thy army wanting in the battle?

RICHARD.

32 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

RICHARD.

Thou know'st not, my beloved, English ardour—

In such a cause, if I had seem'd to linger,
That little band of warriors, whom I headed,
Would have march'd on contemptuous of their
King,
And rescu'd thee without me——

BERELDA.

—— Generous hearts,
And worthy of their Prince, as he of them —
But never let us part again ——

RICHARD.

—— We will not,—
All scruples shall give way—the rev'rend prelates
Shall meet us at the altar here in Limesol—
Nor can the oath, that binds me to the cross,
Be tarnish'd by the holy marriage vow.

BERELDA.

So may heav'n smile propitious on thy
words,—
And Cyprus, witness of my past disgrace,
Bear witness to the glory that awaits me.

RICHARD.

Yes, the same land that weeps in tears of
blood

Thy

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 33

Thy wrongs, in favour of these blissful nuptials,
Shall change the voice of mourning to delight.

BERELDA.

'Then shall the best of friends, the fair Idalia,
Be comforted ———

RICHARD.

——— Where is the lovely Princess?

BERELDA.

In solitude she droops, furcharg'd with woe—
Fatal to her, as fortunate to me,
This day has prov'd—she mourns her worthless
father,
Who, if I rightly heard you, yet survives.

RICHARD.

Soul of unmanly violence, he rues
His base attempt—he fell, but fell unhurt,
Beneath the force of my avenging arm—
And soon comes hither to receive his doom.

BERELDA.

For her sweet innocence, and blameless truth,
May it be gentler than his crime deserves.

RICHARD.

If he repents, if on his blushful cheek
Glows the least token of returning honour,
He shall have pardon—yet my soul disdains,
And will, to give him the right hand of friend-
ship—

E

His

34 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

His life, howe'er, so tell your friend is safe—
I scorn'd to take it in the fiery field,
Much more I scorn it now——

BERELDA.

—— I fly to tell her—
But what besides of comfort shall I add?

RICHARD.

All she can wish, and all we can bestow—
Safe in her native virtue, safer still
In thy protection, she may claim the splendour
Due to her birth and merit—If to curb
Oppression, be the duty of a King—
To raise the spirits of afflicted beauty,
Is more than kingly, 'tis an act divine.

BERELDA.

Hear him, ye saints of light, and bless the
hero,
Whose thoughts resemble your's—From thee I
catch
The generous flame, and hasten to relieve her.

RICHARD.

Go then, dear partner of my soul—I hear
The sound of feet—the captive King approaches—
Go, but return with speed.——

BERELDA.

—— Yes, I will bring
The Princess to applaud with me thy goodness.

(Exit Berelda.)

SCENE VI.

SCENE VI.

GLANVILLE, RICHARD, COMENES.

GLANVILLE.

The orders of my sovereign are fulfill'd —
His troops rejoice, that he approves their service—
And lo! the Cyprian Monarch stands before him—

RICHARD.

Thanks to thy care, my Glanville—have you freed
Those, who were taken with the Queen?—

GLANVILLE.

——— My Liege,
Ev'n now they join their comrades —

RICHARD.

——— One thing more
To crown our wishes—Do my ships arrive?

GLANVILLE.

May ev'ry day be fortunate as this —
Each moment brings new parties to the host,
And all demand to see their beauteous Queen.

RICHARD.

Soon shall they be indulg'd—mean while attend, —

36 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Now, King of Cyprus, answer for thyself—
I charge thee with the actions of a ruffian—
Thou hast debas'd the royal dignity,
And violated friendship's holy law—
What can'st thou offer in thy own defence?

C O M E N E S.

I am thy captive—needs there any more?

R I C H A R D.

True—fraud and force have fail'd thee—and
thou hast
The just reward of prostituted honour;—
But more remains to do—thy future destiny
Hangs in suspense——

C O M E N E S.

—— It is beneath my care—
Decide it, King of England, as thou may'st.

R I C H A R D.

Firm to the last, and obstinate in evil—
But recollect thyself—one single moment
Is yet allow'd thee to return to virtue—
Seize it, or else thy glory sinks for ever—
Still thou art fullen, still thou dost assume
The haughty semblance of unshaken courage—
But learn, the noble sternness of the brow
Becomes an honourable cause alone.

Make then an effort, that befits the state
To which thou art reduc'd.—Confess thy crime,
Disclaim

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 37

Disclaim thy past proceedings, and resolve
Henceforth to walk in the fair path of justice—
'Tis all the reparation thou canst make—
'Tis all the reparation I demand.

COMENES.

And is it thus you Princes of the North,
Retrieve, by mean concessions, adverse fortune!—
Why be it so.—But Monarchs of the East
O'er right and wrong assert supreme dominion,
And justify their actions by their nod—
Success alone of all things under heav'n
Is not within their pow'r—And when that fails,
They wrap themselves in their own native majesty,
And bid the storm blow on.—Now art thou
answer'd?—
Exert thy worst, and know that I defy thee.

RICHARD.

Such vain defiance, but provokes a smile—
Tho' perseverance, in so foul a cause,
Might well excite the frown of indignation—
But take thy choice—Let it be said hereafter,
What time Comenes wore the Cyprian crown,
The sacred laws of chivalry he spurn'd—
And, in the fierceness of his wrath, attack'd
Men with his tongue, and women with his sword,

COMENES.

What I have done, I scorn to disavow—

Pre-

38 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Prepare thy vengeance — fate has given thee
pow'r—

Why do'st thou waste the time in idle talk,
And weak reproaches?—had the day been mine,
E'er this thou should'st have felt the galling yoke.

RICHARD.

Art thou a man!—can such ignoble rancour
Dwell in thy bosom!—wretched slave to malice,
How my foul views thee with supreme disdain—

But dare not further to profane my ears
With the recital of thy black designs—
Else my wrath sweeps thee from the face of earth.

COMENES.

How often must I urge thee to produce
Thy boasted terrors—Wherefore do they slum-
ber—

Why are they not display'd against the man,
Who meant to fetter thee in silver chains?—
To thy own host a miserable fight,
The mockery of France, and scorn of Cyprus—

Delay'st thou yet—go on then to delay—
But mark me, whilst I live, I live thy foe.

RICHARD.

Thou hast prevail'd, and fury is let loose—
'Twere infamous to parley with thee longer—
My foe—Thou art the foe of humankind.—

Yet, think not, I will take thy wretched life—
Not all the foul reproaches thou can'st utter—

Not

RICHARD IN CYPRUS, 41

COMENES.

Is there no end of words? — Lead me to chains, —

Idalia, thou art mindless of thy birth —
Resume thyself, or be no more my daughter —
Richard, farewell, — my soul is yet unconquer'd.

IDALIA.

I go with thee to dungeons, and to death.

RICHARD.

Princess! not so. — What favour can be shown
Consistent with the welfare of our people,
On thy account we grant. — My faithful Glanville,

Let him be safely guarded in the palace —
But add not the indignity he merits —

And thou, illustrious fair one, wilt remember,

That Cyprus still acknowledges thy rank —
And that thy friends of England hold thee dear.
(*Exeunt Com. Idal. and Glanv.*)

SCENE VIII.

MARSHAL, RICHARD, BERELDA.

MARSHAL.

My Liege, thou art obey'd — the guards are plac'd,

And order reigns in Limesol once more —
There wants but, to complete the glorious day,
The gracious presence of our royal mistress —
Each soldier is impatient to behold
The Queen for whom he fought. —

RICHARD. F

RICHARD.

44 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

RICHARD.

——— Thou wilt indulge them—
I know thou wilt delight their noble hearts
With thy appearance—

BERELDA.

——— Yes, they well deserve
All thanks within my pow'r.—I go with pleasure.

MARSHAL.

Yet, Sir, one point demands immediate notice—
King Philip, with his num'rous host, draws near.

RICHARD.

Well!—are the gates thrown open to receive
them?

MARSHAL.

The gates, my sov'reign!—shall we entertain
These dangerous allies within the walls!—
Have we forgot the tumult of Messina!

RICHARD.

How, my Lord Marshal—are not then the
French
Our sworn confed'rates in the holy league?

MARSHAL.

Insidious friends—and better kept at distance—
Their Monarch, and his Chiefs we might admit—
The rest should form a camp beneath the ram-
parts.

RICHARD.

Shall we shut out our brothers of the war?

MARSHAL.

If once they come within the crouded city
Feuds will arise, and mischief will ensue.

RICHARD.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 43

RICHARD.

Hangs not a sword on ev'ry foldier's thigh?—
Will not a moment draw it from the sheath?—
Let us not fear.——

MARSHAL.

—— But sure we should prevent.

RICHARD.

For shame, my friend—thou art too much
the statesman——

Let us afford them hospitable welcome,
With open arms and hearts—slow to distrust,
But ready to repel, shall be our maxim—
Come, my beloved,—we delay too long
Our joyful progress thro' the streets of Limesol.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

PHILIP, COURCY, MONTMORENCY.

PHILIP.

AT length we are arriv'd—At length we
tread
The Cyprian palace.—Laggards in the race
We come, to grace the King of England's
triumph—
Fall'n is the sacred Majesty of France—
Fall'n are her sons from honour.—Is there one,
Is there but one of all our num'rous host,
Can shake an English foldier by the hand,
And say we fought and conquer'd side by side?—
Oh, no!—for glory is departed from us,
And sits exalted on the helm of Richard—
O chiefs, O heroes of immortal France,—
Time was, when foremost in the ranks of war,
We mow'd the field, and distanc'd all the nations.
O, Courcy, Montmorency, fellow soldiers,
Mourn with your sov'reign, mourn our blasted
fame—
Our laurels torn, and trampled in the dust,

COURCY.

Why thus laments the first of christian
Princes—
Nor fame nor glory have the English won,
That can eclipse the lustre of our arms—
Better they shift the fail, not better fight.

PHILIP.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 45

PHILIP.

And call you this a trifle?—

MONTMORENCY.

——— Had we landed,
And not kept pace with England, shame had
found us—
But my cheeks blush not for a distant field.

PHILIP.

O blind, not to discern the doom of France—
Look forwards into time, and see our coasts
Expos'd to England's mercy—see their ships
(For so my soul presages,) plough triumphant,
Thro' ev'ry age, the bosom of the deep—

But wherefore do I talk of future ills,
When the worst stroke of fate is come upon me—
Wretch that I am, could not my single vessel
(Tho' more than life hung on it,) reach the port,
Ere the proud island Monarch fought, and
conquer'd.

COURCY.

Encourag'd by the presence of their King,
Did not our mariners strain every nerve—
Thou saw'st it could not be.—But shall we,
therefore,
Fall out with fortune?—

PHILIP.

——— Fortune has undone me—
She has depriv'd me of my dearest hope—
To have redeem'd the Princess of Navarre,
Was all I ask'd of heav'n.

MONT.

46 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

MONTMORENCY.

——— Yet not to us,
Belong'd her rescue—'Twas the care of Eng-
land
To claim its Queen—What profit to my
sov'reign,
Had all the peril of the day been ours?

PHILIP.

She would have hail'd me her deliverer—
Her eyes would have beheld me with compla-
cency—
Her tongue have thank'd me—exquisite de-
light!—
Unutterable joy!—But I have miss'd it,—
And nothing, that remains, is worth a thought.

MONTMORENCY.

Are these the words of him, whose valiant
acts
Have merited the title of August—
Whom the world knows not by another name.

PHILIP.

Yes, more August a thousand times, when
flying
To rescue injur'd beauty from oppression—
Than if I trod on haughty Saladin.

MONTMORENCY.

So passion would persuade, and so put on
The garb of virtue—But it is not glory,
'Tis not the oath of Knighthood that inspires
thee—
'Tis something that a man should blush to own.--

PHILIP.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 47

PHILIP.

How, Montmorency—These are daring
words.—

MONTMORENCY.

Let not the King accuse me of presumption—
There is a time when not to be sincere,
Were worse than treason—what shall save the
throne,
If, when a Monarch errs, there is not found
A faithful counsellor, to bring him back
To truth and honour?—

PHILIP.

— Truth and honour dwell
Within the bosom of the fair Navarre;—
And he, who loves her, dignifies himself.

MONTMORENCY.

Thou can'st not have her—she is Richard's
wife.

PHILIP.

She is not yet—perhaps she never may be.

MONTMORENCY.

Good heav'n, what thoughts are these!—

PHILIP.

— Yes, they are dreadful—
I feel the sacred flame of virtue languish,
And all the hero vanish from my soul—
Now first I know thee guilty, thou com'st attended
With shame and horror, anguish and remorse.

COURCY.

Ye winds, disperse these ominous expressions—
Record them not, ye angels.—Sir, resume
Your better self—the King of England comes.

SCENE

48 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

SCENE II.

RICHARD, PHILIP, COURCY,
MONTMORENCY.

RICHARD.

Welcome to Limesol, my royal brother—
I joy, thy gallant forces have escap'd
The fury of the sea,—and still survive
To spread the glory of the christian faith.

Much too I thank thee for the speedy succour,
Intended to my Queen—the friendly act
Will live for ever in our grateful hearts—
And soon will she be here to speak her feelings.—

PHILIP.

Brother of England, we are met again,
And met, I trust, on amicable terms—
Thy gratulations on our happy landing
Fair I accept, and willingly return—
The rest is needless—we arriv'd too late—
And thy swift valour wanted not our help.

RICHARD.

Let not thy noble spirit grieve, that first
We landed—'Twas our more immediate cause—
Friendship is zealous, love is zeal itself.

PHILIP.

Yet I could wish, that we had fought to-
gether.—

RICHARD.

How was it possible to wait a moment,
When the most excellent of womankind

Was

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 45

Was in the pow'r of one so lost to virtue—
Thou can't have no conception of his baseness,
So savage and so brutal are his thoughts—

But we have got the lion in our toils—
His army is cut off, his city taken,
His people have submitted, and himself
Is close confin'd—

PHILIP.

Richard, is this well done?—

Does it become thee to dispose of Cyprus,
As thou had'st acted for thyself alone?—
Where is the force then of our solemn treaty,
Which bids all conquests to be shar'd between
us.

RICHARD.

Philip of France, I hear thee with surprize—
What treaty, but against the infidels
Can't thou alledge?—Whose conquer'd provinces
Have we agreed to share, but those of Saladin?

PHILIP.

Nay, but without restriction was the league.

RICHARD.

Mistaken Prince—thy counsellors may teach
thee

Thus to explain the terms of our alliance—
But England views it with another eye—
In Judah's realm an equal sway is thine—
That title we acknowledge—but in Cyprus
Thou hast no pow'r, except in friendship's right.

PHILIP.

Mark how this man of violence assumes
Lawless dominion—Mark how he assigns

G

To

50 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

To me, his equal, delegated rule—

Such as I knew him heretofore in Sicily,
Haughty and ardent, such I find him now.

RICHARD.

Yes, my soul fires at this injurious treatment—
Artless, and open, I may well be warm,
When mean suspicions fill the breast of him,
Whom I have hitherto esteem'd my brother.

PHILIP.

Thou do'st me wrong—I blame thy fiery
temper,
Thy fierce ungovernable pride alone ——
Could I but once suspect thee of design,
I'd fly to right myself ——

RICHARD.

——Fly then, this instant ——
Draw up thy forces on the sandy plain
Before the gates—my troops without delay
Attend thee—or I meet thee, man to man.

PHILIP.

I take thee at thy word—be thine the choice
Of single combat, or the shock of armies—

RICHARD.

Let then our own right hands decide the quar-
rel.

MONTMORENCY.

Chiefs of the holy war, this may not be.

COURCY.

Defenders of the sacred cross forbear—
Wound not the faith by your unhallow'd wrath,
Nor cause the hearts of Infidels to triumph.

SCENE

SCENE III.

BERELDA, PHILIP, RICHARD,
COURCY, MONTMORENCY.

BERELDA.

Great thanks are due to all the host of heav'n,
Whose tutelary care has thus united
The Kings of Europe.—But, alas! what see I—
Are these the tokens of a cordial meeting?—
Here anger frowns, here stern defiance low'rs—
Speak Princes, and resolve me, whence is this?—
Thou chiefly, royal Philip, whom I meant
To hail with friendly greeting, speak and tell me,
Where is the smile of peace?—

PHILIP.

——— Illustrious Princess—
The smile of peace flies from the deadly blast
Of English usurpation—'tis not here—
It cannot be, whilst that unbridled spirit
Disdains an equal commerce with mankind.

BERELDA.

O thou! on whom my all of bliss depends,—
To whom my thoughts in ev'ry trial turn,—
Hear, and preserve my soul from fresh alarms—
Much have I suffer'd in this hateful land—
Let me not suffer more—Let not dissention
O'ercloud the splendour of thy matchless fame,
And marr the beauteous prospect of my hopes.

52 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

RICHARD.

What shall I answer to these soothing accents—
Scarce can thy pure and gentle mind conceive
The storm, that rises in the manly breast,
When charg'd with actions foreign to its nature—
Then eager passion boils in ev'ry vein—
And honour, thus affronted, instant grasps
Its weapons, to confound the bold accuser.

BERELDA.

Canst thou forget, that to subdue the passions,
Is greater than to trample on the necks
Of prostrate foes?—And wilt thou not remember,
That there is one whose life depends upon thee,
Who dies, if thou art from her any more?

RICHARD.

Sweet pleader, thou hast vanquish'd—hear me,
Philip—

Perish all memory of this debate—
Establish'd be thy pow'r—the captive King
Shall wait thy high disposal—and if ought,
Besides is wanting, claim it, and receive.

PHILIP.

More than my right I ask not, nor accept.

RICHARD.

Nay, but in friendship ease me for the present
Of empire's weight—To gentler thoughts I fly,
And hasten to complete my happy nuptials—
Refuse me not, my brother—come my love—
Philip farewell, and hold me near thy heart.

(*Exeunt Rich. and Berelda.*)

SCENE

SCENE IV.

COURCY, PHILIP, MONTMORENCY,

COURCY.

Heav'n ratify the gen'rous wish—My Prince,
Will not these fair concessions calm thy rage?

PHILIP.

Hateful concessions—But of no avail.

COURCY.

Ye pow'rs forbid—

PHILIP.

——Have I not heard his words—
Have I not seen the Princess?—What remains,
But black despair, or blacker deeds of violence?

MONTMORENCY.

Now, by the sacred force of truth I swear,
Thou may'st not hurt this man of upright dealing—
Virtue forbids it—

PHILIP.

——Reach me yonder book.

COURCY.

What means the King—

PHILIP.

——Nay, reach it,—'tis the book,
Where all the actions of my reign are written—
Place it before me—

MONTMORENCY.

——What delusive vision,
Misleads my royal master?—

PHILIP.

54 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

P H I L I P.

——— Come, my friends,—

Let us examine these authentic records—
Observe these num'rous pages—they are mark'd
With no ignoble characters.—Each leaf
Vouches some enterprize, some great design,
Or for the glory, or the good of France.

M O N T M O R E N C Y.

I hear, but comprehend not —

P H I L I P.

——— Pass we on,

To that unspotted page, fix'd for the chronicle
Of this unhappy day.—Look, here it is—
How snowy white it shines—Soon to be stain'd
Indelibly with lines of foul disgrace.

C O U R C Y.

Angels of mercy, save us from the shame.

P H I L I P.

Hither arriv'd, shall the astonish'd reader,
In after ages, drop a pitying tear,
And mourn the wretched frailty of mankind—
For 'tis resolv'd——

C O U R C Y.

——— What, Sir?—

P H I L I P.

——— A deed of horror—

But leave me Courcy—Montmorency leave
me—

There will be found enough to act my purpose,
Without

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 55

Without involving you, my friends, in guilt —
I have no right to rob you of your honour.

MONTMORENCY.

O! I have liv'd too long —

PHILIP.

———What then have I?

When my soul sickens at her own conceptions—
Go, friends, retain your probity, and peace —
Go,—and resign me to my cruel fate.

COURCY.

Who shall desert his sov'reign in distress—
My faith is plighted, I have vow'd allegiance,
And nothing shall compel me to fall off.

MONTMORENCY.

Yet there is time to stop—Thine eyes, O
King,

Are open, and thy heart recoils from evil —
Thy conscience is alarm'd in all her pow'rs,
And, with tremendous voice cries out, forbear.

PHILIP.

O! what avails it, that I see my crime,
Or that a voice within me cries, forbear—
When louder, stronger passion bids me on—
Yes, I will follow the resistless impulse—
But never may my bitt'rest enemy
Feel what I feel———

MONTMORENCY.

———Long have I been accustom'd
To hold my life devoted to thy service—
To day I yield thee something far more dear.

PHILIP.

56 RICHARD IN CYPRUS

P H I L I P.

Faithful companions of a wretched Prince,
If you indeed will serve me, go, and keep
My troops prepar'd for action—Hither comes
The Cyprian Monarch, fittest instrument
Of my abhorr'd contrivance — I would spare
you
The pain of hearing infamous proposals.

(Exeunt Courcy and Montmor.)

S C E N E V.

GLANVILLE, PHILIP, COMENES.

G L A N V I L L E.

Lord of the Realms of France, my honour'd
master,
By me fulfils his word—at his command
I bring the sov'reign of the Cyprian isle—
And (so he bids) resign him to thy pleasure.

P H I L I P.

'Tis well, Lord Glanville—I accept the
charge—
Report me to your King as one, who knows
The value of the present he has made.

(Exit Glanv.)

S C E N E VI.

P H I L I P, C O M E N E S.

P H I L I P.

Why stands Comenes thus with folded arms,
As one whom sorrow had bereav'd of sense?—
What are his thoughts?—

C O M E N E S.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 57

C O M E N E S.

—— He thinks with indignation
Of these removals—with disdain he views
This trifling, when a well directed blow
Would free you from perplexity at once.

P H I L I P.

Were it not better to revolve the state
Whence thou art fall'n, and whitherto reduc'd—
Pomp, pow'r, and glory vanish'd from thy grasp,
And all thy honours levell'd to the ground?

C O M E N E S.

Cease, mean upbraider——

P H I L I P.

—— I upbraid thee not,
Unless thou still continuest to despond—
It is my wish, that thou should'st ruminate
On thy past grandeur, on thy present misery,
'Till all the fervor of indignant rage
Flames in thy soul, and lights thee to revenge.

C O M E N E S.

Doubtful and dark the tenour of thy speech,
And caution well might startle to reply—
But what have I to manage?—If thy words
Have meaning, thou hast spoken not in vain.

P H I L I P.

Right to my purpose—thou art void of fear—
Thy resolution shrinks not from the face
Of danger——

C O M E N E S.

—— Such I have been, such I am.

H

P H I L I P.

58 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

PHILIP.

Further—the darling passion of thy soul
Is hate to Richard—thou would'st die to crush
him. —

COMENES.

I would,—proceed—

PHILIP.

———But one thing more—The man,
Who should enable thee to wreak thy vengeance,
What might he claim?——

COMENES.

———My throne, my life, and more,
If I had more to give—Now are we friends?

PHILIP.

We are, if thou abidest yet the trial—
Thy throne, and many prosp'rous days be
thine—

I seek a dearer prize by this alliance—

The various avenues and secret windings
Both of the city, and the spacious palace,
To thee are known—hence, in the dead of night,
Thou may'st bear off the Princess of Navarre,
And bring her to my arms—This once perform'd,
I am as thou art, thine are all my forces—
Let England bleed, and France and Cyprus
triumph.

COMENES.

Much hast thou ask'd—But shall I for a
woman,

Lose the fair hope of empire and revenge?—
I have not so been taught—point out the means,
And see me ready to fulfil thy wish.

PHILIP.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 59

PHILIP.

To me this man of rashness has allow'd
Absolute sway—my guards without suspicion
(Thanks to his folly) may approach the palace—
Of these a chosen party shall attend thee.

COMENES.

It must not be—unus'd to my command,
And strangers to the city, they will fail me—
Clad in thy livery, a trusty band
Of Cyprians will perform the service better—
But to what place of safety shall we lead
Our beauteous treasure?—

PHILIP.

——— We have none as yet—
And now to seize a fort would cause alarm—
Half of my forces scarce have pass'd the gates—
The rest shall straight encamp.—To these at
night
I will retire.—

COMENES.

——— Then give immediate orders—
But thou forgettest I am still a slave.—

PHILIP.

No, thou art free as air—At my return
I will present thee to this thoughtless Monarch,
As one repentant of his former deeds—
Be careful thou to curb each warm emotion,
And hide in smiles the malice of the heart.

COMENES.

Yes, I will flatter, till I sting him home.

H 2

PHILIP.

GO RICHARD IN CYPRUS;

PHILIP.

Farewell—be faithful—

COMENES.

—Int'rest binds me to thee.

(Exit Philip.)

SCENE VII.

COMENES.

Int'rest—does int'rest bind me? — If it did,
This union might be lasting—Shallow plotters—
Their heads return me what their arms have
taken—

O! the whole plan presents itself at once —
Where are my emissaries to excite
New jealousies between the French and English? —
Where is Orfames to prepare my ships? —
O! I have much to do—thou yet art mine
Inimitable maid—Sorrow and shame
Shall be the portion of these bold intruders—
And mine the triumph of revenge and love,

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 61

A C T. IV. S C E N E I.

COMENES, ORSAMES,

COMENES.

WHERE hast thou been, Orsames?—
where conceal'd,
That messengers must be dispatch'd to find thee?—
Have the events of this inglorious day
Caus'd thee to fall from loyalty of heart?—
Or had the tumult robb'd thee of thy courage?—
Is it a time for negligence?—

ORSAMES.

———Thy servant
Has not been wanting—but thou know'st, he
could not

Approach thy royal person, whilst confin'd—
Yet have his thoughts been active in thy service.

COMENES.

What has employ'd thee?

ORSAMES.

———In the little creek,
Beyond the Isthmus, where no hostile ships
Have yet appear'd, with ablest mariners
Well mann'd, and well provided, waits a
sloop—

If chance some lucky moment of escape
Might be obtain'd.—

COMENES.

———That lucky moment comes,
My faithful friend—I praise thy ready zeal—
But

62 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

But we have more to do—The King of France
With me conspires to seize the fair Navarre—
One common hate to Richard fires our breasts—
One common passion actuates both our frames—
His wisdom offers to divide the spoil—
Reserving to himself the joys of love,
He leaves dominion and revenge to me.

ORSAMES.

There is no need then to escape from Cyprus
If thou agree'st, my sov'reign.—

COMENES.

———Know me better—

I mean to use the habit of the French,
To gain access to my Berelda's chamber—
But will bear off the prize to distant climes.

ORSAMES.

Where shall we find a friendly place of refuge?—

COMENES.

Constantinople will with open arms
Receive us, and protect—the Grecian Emperor
Views with malignant eye these Western christians

So near him, and will smile at their disgrace.

ORSAMES.

But, Sir, we must proceed with utmost caution—

All is undone, if either King suspects.

COMENES.

I trust they will be otherwise employ'd—
My chosen instruments are now at work,

In-

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 63

Instructed to revive the sleeping embers
Of jealousy, between these rival nations—
If I divine aright, the sparks of discord
Will soon be kindled,—thou, mean while,
prepare
A trusty band in secret—men well tried,
Of desp'rate resolution—

OR SAMES.

——— Such we have—
And such, without delay, shall be conven'd.

COMENES.

With these we'll force a passage to the vessel,
If unforeseen misfortune should betray us—
But surely none can happen—night will lend
Her sable veil—distraction will possess
My enemies—we know each secret path—
It must succeed—Go; execute my orders—
Philip will soon be here—He comes;—retire.

(Exit Orsam.)

SCENE II.

COMENES, PHILIP.

COMENES.

Thou see'st my new and excellent ally,
That I am hearty in the cause—My servants
Have their instructions, and they will not
linger—

But are thy people ready?—Will they arm
Our precious acquisition to defend?

PHILIP.

64 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

PHILIP.

Doubt not my vigilance—the word is giv'n,
The camp is forming, and my chiefs alert—
Yet I could wish that day, instead of night,
Had been our choice, and force instead of fraud!

COMENES.

That were unsafe—so we might gain the
battle,
Without enjoying the reward of conquest—
The fleet of England would secure Berelda,
Tho' Richard died—But, hence with this cha-
grin—
Darkness will soon arrive—

PHILIP.

———Would it were come!—
For, till it covers me with blackest wings,
I am a wretch—This is a fearful time
Of expectation—What if we succeed?—
Success itself in such a cause is horrid—
We sow in guilt, and we must reap in shame.

COMENES.

Hear me!—I am not us'd to weak remorse—
Boldly proceed, or give me back my chains.

PHILIP.

Think not I ever will forego my purpose—
Should all the shades of my illustrious race
Rise from the silent tomb to bar my way,
Still with determin'd courage I would on—
But tho' resolv'd my spirit, not the less
I suffer—Evil has seduc'd my heart,
But cannot blind my eyes—Fly swift ye hours—
Bring the dear author of my pangs before me,
Give

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 65

Give me to clasp her in my longing arms,
And I may smile again—

COMENES.

——— Ay, think of that—
Think of the exquisite delight, thou soon
Shalt prove, and let it fortify thy soul—
But where is Richard?—

PHILIP.

——— What he does I know not—
Tho' I am told, he has desir'd the presence
Of all the Bishops that are found in Limesol—
French, English, Cyprian, all are summon'd by
him.

COMENES.

My life on't for the wedding.—Yes, he means
This very night to finish his espousals—
But we shall find him other occupation.

PHILIP.

Alas! too sure we must—

COMENES.

——— We will, O King—
But he advances—Now, for soothing words—
'Tis the last time we shall have need to use
them.

SCENE III.

RICHARD, PHILIP, COMENES.

RICHARD.

I sought thee, O, my brother, to request
A favour from thy friendship.—

I

PHILIP.

66 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

PHILIP.

———Thou art kind—

I also wanted to prefer a suit
To thee, O Prince—

RICHARD.

———Command me to the utmost.—

PHILIP.

Thou see'st the King of Cyprus—see'st him
fall'n

From all the splendour of his high estate—
But that is little—thou behold'st him fall'n
From all the fury of outrageous pride,
And with a better mind entreating pardon—
Frank, he acknowledges his former errors,
And grieves to have been found so much thy
foe—

Let him declare the rest—

COMENES.

———What can I say?

But that my soul repents of past transactions—
My fatal outrage, that drew on the war,
My fierce demeanor, when the fight was over,
Appear before me in their proper view—
Success had made me arrogant, unjust—
Misfortune has restor'd me to myself—
Yet not thy terrors, but thy noble bearing,
And gen'rous behaviour to my daughter,
Have drawn this free confession from my lips—
Command, and I obey—Propose, I yield—
He, who submits to thee, submits to virtue.

RICHARD.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 67

RICHARD.

The Royal Philip's pow'rful intercession,
The fair Idalia's merit, and thy own
Acknowledgements, have mightily prevail'd—
Be thy mistakes forgotten—be thou rank'd
With us, till peace can finally be settled,—
And look for no dishonourable terms.—

I meant, O King of France, to recommend
The Cyprian Princess to thy high protection—
Hither my Queen conducts her—but Comenes
Is reinstated, and the rest is needless—

Come then, my brother, and partake my joy—
The legate of the holy see consents,
The venerable prelates have agreed
This night to give us nuptial benediction.

PHILIP.

What!—in the midst of a distracted state ?

RICHARD.

Hast thou not promis'd to watch o'er the
city?—

By thee reliev'd from ev'ry anxious care,
I turn me to the sweets of yielding beauty—
Thou wilt be present at the solemn rites—
Thy friendly hand must act a father's part,
And give me the most lovely of her sex.

PHILIP.

Yes, I will meet thee, Richard, at the altar.—

RICHARD.

And lo! attended by her gentle friend
My charming bride appears.—

SCENE IV.

RICHARD, BERELDA, IDALIA,
COMENES, PHILIP.

RICHARD.

———Approach, my Queen—
And thou, much honour'd Princess, hither
come,
To taste the pure delight of reconciliation—
It is an hour, when ev'ry sterner passion
Flies far away, and only love remains—
The brave companion of my arms assents
To join the feast, and bind his brows with
myrtle—
The Cyprian King his enmity resigns,
And knits afresh the broken wreath of concord—
All wears the face of happiness and pleasure.

BERELDA.

O may the flatt'ring prospect still endure—
Tho' scarce my soul believes, that gentle peace
Will long reside in this tumultuous land.

IDALIA.

Merciful heav'n avert the dire presage—
Whoever mourns, may this illustrious pair
Be blest for ever—

COMENES.

———Princess, I entreat
My past misconduct be no more remember'd,
And swear in all sincerity to hail
The hour that gives thee to thy royal lover.

PHILIP.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 69

PHILIP.

Yes, let the night be spent, as love demands—
To-morrow, we may shine in arms once more.

RICHARD.

Not so, my brother—It were wrong to mix
The joys of wedlock with the sound of war—
Besides, long harrafs'd on the stormy sea
Our troops have need of rest—that cheer'd and
hearten'd,
With double spirit they may greet the Saracens—
Postponing then awhile each martial thought,
Invite we all the beauties of the isle,
To see our warriors in the list'd field,
To join them in the mazes of the dance,
To meet them at the splendid feast—to hear,
And to reward perhaps, their tales of love.—
Yes, let the Heralds instantly proclaim
A joyful peace—All, all shall be our guests—
Nature and art shall yield their richest stores,
To charm the soul, to ravish ev'ry sense—
And Cyprus shall become a second Sicily.

SCENE V.

GLANVILLE, RICHARD, PHILIP,
BERELDA, IDALIA, COMENES.

GLANVILLE.

Ye consecrated champions of the faith,
Haste, and preserve your hosts from mutual car-
nage—

Some

70 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Some unknown jealousy inflames the soldiers
On either side, and gives them up to rage—
In vain Lord Marshal flies from place to place—
The chiefs of France appear, as if in doubt,
Or to permit, or to controul the tumult—
Mean while, each instant, the disorder spreads,—
The glitt'ring sword is drawn, the spear is
lifted,—

And, if the royal presence is delay'd,
Havoc ensues.—

RICHARD.

———What can I think of this?—

But be it as it may, my soul disdains
Suspicion.—Philip, if thou art a man,
Fly with me to dispel the gath'ring storm.

PHILIP.

Thoughtless, unsteady, impotent of mind—
This moment, by implicit confidence
Giddily sway'd, the next, by blind distrust—
Hear me, rash Monarch—I attend thee now
To quell the madding fury of the people—
But that is all—I act no more with one,
Who, without reason, is a friend, or foe—
Henceforth I am a stranger to thy councils.

RICHARD.

Go with me—and the rest be as thou wilt.

BERELDA.

Must I be left then in this house of terror?—
Who shall defend me from perfidious hands
When thou art absent?—

RICH.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 71

RICHARD.

———Fear not, my Berelda——

The brave Lord Glanville watches o'er the
palace,
And will protect his Queen from all attempts—
Stay thou, my friend—Now, Philip, come
along.

(Exeunt Rich. and Phil.)

SCENE VI.

BERELDA, COMENES, IDALIA,
GLANVILLE.

BERELDA.

He goes—O! whither, whither shall I turn?—
Horrors encompass me on ev'ry side,
And secret treachery besets my paths.

COMENES.

Why thus alarm'd, O Queen?—No danger
threatens——

The efforts of the Kings will soon restore
Peace to the city, pleasure to the court—
And soon wilt thou enjoy a brilliant destiny.

BERELDA.

So the lips flatter, whilst the heart is hostile—
Too well thou know'st this deep concerted tu-
mult

Will not, with ease, subside——

COMENES.

———What should prevent it?

BERELDA.

BERELDA.

Thy artifice——

COMENES.

—— Unjust, unkind suspicion.

BERELDA.

Who taught me to suspect, but thou, Comenes?—

Thy feign'd submission, thy dissembled penitence

Cannot impose on me—Dark are thy plots—
But I discern, for I have felt thy baseness.

COMENES.

O spare this keen, this undeserv'd reproach—
Soon wilt thou know me better—

BERELDA.

—— Heav'n forbid!—

For even here I trace thy double meaning—
But mark me well—If this confusion lasts,
And thou attemptest to avail thee of it,
Death shall preserve me from thy dreaded pow'r.

GLANVILLE.

Fear not, my royal mistress—thou art guarded
By loyal hearts, and eyes, that will not
slumber—If evil should approach (which scarce I think,)
We conquer, or we die, in thy defence.

BERELDA.

Think not, Lord Glanville, I distrust thy
care,Or doubt the loyalty of English hearts—
But oh! your weapons differ from the arms
Of Cyprus—you have courage for the war—

But

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 73

But how will you repel the works of fraud?—

Farewel, O King—Spite of disguise, I see
The latent exultation of thy soul—

But heav'n, or my own virtue, can protect me.

(Exeunt Berelda and Glanv.)

SCENE VII.

IDALIA, COMENES.

IDALIA.

What have I heard?—My ever honour'd father,

Can these reproofs be just?—Can great Comenes
Stoop to deceive?—O give me, Sir, the means
Instant to clear you from the hateful charge.

COMENES.

May all her fears be equally prophetic—
There is no need, Idalia, to protract
Diffimulation—Since the time is come
To reap the blissful harvest of my toils.

IDALIA.

Amazement!—Can it be?—

COMENES.

——— Yes, all is ready—

Be thou prepar'd to join—Soon as night
Shall throw her friendly shade around our heads,
We seize the fair Berelda in her chamber,
And the morn finds us far away from Cyprus.

IDALIA.

O fatal dang'rous enterprize——

K

COMENES.

74 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

COMENES.

———— Not fo—
I have contriv'd employment for my foes—
And, by a private path, we shall elude
The vigilance of those who guard the palace.

IDALIA.

Sure, death is in the thought—

COMENES.

———— No; we are safe—
Philip allows my troop to wear his livery—
'Twere long to tell the snare he lays for Eng-
land—

Suffice it, that in seeming to fulfil
His purposes, I mean to serve myself—
It will be glorious vengeance—We shall leave
Both, disappointed, furious, and embroil'd.

IDALIA.

O rather let us trust to Richard's mercy—
His is the soul of honour—

COMENES.

———— Dare not name it—
I would not wish to live, but for his torture—
To think how he will groan, delights me more,
Than all the transport of successful love.

IDALIA.

And shall my father then become a fugitive !
Forbid it heav'n—

COMENES.

———— Greece will afford us shelter—
There we shall meet with hospitable treatment,
Till these adventures set sail for Palestine—
Then we return, and repossess our throne.

IDALIA.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 75

IDA L I A.

It cannot, must not be—Let me conjure you,
By all your former glory—By the love
You bear your people,—by the ties of blood—
By honour, int'rest, duty, to desist.

C O M E N E S.

Forbear, rash girl—revenge is dearer far,
Than all that thou hast nam'd—I would
pursue it,
Thro' all the fury of conflicting elements—
Nay, when I triumph o'er reluctant beauty,
To think, that Richard dies a thousand deaths,
Will give a keener relish to my joy—

Know me resolv'd then, and prepare for
flight—

An hour, a little hour completes my wishes—
E'en now the golden sun has disappear'd,
And darkness hovers in the firmament,
Ready to cast her mantle o'er the globe—

I go to join my people—thou wait here—
And banish all the woman from thy soul.

(Exit Com.)

S C E N E VIII.

IDA L I A.

O dreadful language!—words replete with
horror—

Banish the woman, and adopt the fiend—

Is this the harsh command?—too sure it is—

76 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Swallow me first, thou earth— Ah me! I
thought

That hopeless passion was the last of ills—
Yet I was blameless then, and could rejoice,
That grief conducted to the silent tomb,
And sorrow soon would find repose in death—
But now I can be innocent no longer—
Cruel alternative—I must betray
Father or friends—O my distracted heart—
Shall I be base, or shall I fail in duty?—

Ye saints, protectors of the Cyprian Land,
Inspire me how to act—Teach me at once
To save my father, and preserve my fame—
I know, that my last hour is near at hand,
But let me to the grave go down in peace.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

IDALIA.

DOWN busy thought—I have not acted
wrong—

Conscience acquits me, and the rest is nothing—

If I but save the innocent from ruin,

My death may well appease an angry father—

This moment of suspense alone is horrid—

The poor Berelda lifts her eyes to heav'n ;

But oh ! in vain, if Richard long delays—

Loye, honour, duty, how you tear my soul—

What can detain Arbane—all is hush'd,

And wild confusion shakes no more the city—

Hither ! O hither ! King of England, haste,

Receive the fatal secret from my lips,

Swear that my father's life shall yet be safe,

And I will cheerfully resign my own.

SCENE II.

IDALIA, ARBANE,

IDALIA.

Why hast thou trifled thus with my impa-
tience?—

Say, did'st thou see him?—Will he come, Ar-
bane ?

ARBANE.

78 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

ARBANE.

Thy fervant has not linger'd in her duty—
The princely Richard knows thy high request,
And leaves his army to attend thy summons.

IDALIA.

'Tis well—Thou hast been faithful to the
end—
For much my soul forebodes, thou hast obey'd
My last command.—

ARBANE.

——— What can excite the thought—
Scarce have I seen thee since our sad reverse
Of fortune—But appearances proclaim'd,
That we had fallen into generous hands.—

IDALIA.

Not from the victor this alarm proceeds—
Alas! I must oppose an erring parent—
Beyond all bounds I must incense a King,
Too little us'd to pardon.—Who will therefore
Resent the more, the more he holds me dear.

ARBANE,

Whence this necessity?—

IDALIA.

——— It springs from justice——
Better to die with virtue, than to live
With infamy.—Yet, cherish thou my memory—
Thy service has been ever grateful to me.

ARBANE.

O! do not thus despair, my royal mistress.

IDALIA.

What call have I for life?—Long have I
pin'd

With

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 79

With hopeless love—enough to weigh me down
Without a father's rage.—But Richard comes—
Adieu! Retire.—

A R B A N E.

———Still let me prove my faith.—

I D A L I A.

Be near then—I may want your aid once
more.

(Exit Arb.)

S C E N E III.

RICHARD, I D A L I A.

RICHARD.

What urgent cause, O Princess, asks my
presence?—

At thy command I quit my troops—tho' still
The demon of dissention is abroad—

But wherefore heaves thy bosom thus with an-
guish?—

Is my Berelda safe?—

I D A L I A.

———She is, O King—

And will be safe, since thou art here to guard
her—

But oh! thou see'st before thee one distracted—
Asham'd to speak, yet dreading to be silent.

RICHARD.

Let guilt be dumb, and perfidy ashamed—
But thou, sustain'd by innocence of heart,

And

80 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

And sure of my protection, boldly speak—
Distress'd, I soothe thee, injur'd, I revenge.

IDALIA.

Distress'd, indeed, I am—Not all thy pow'r,
Not all thy goodness, can assuage my pangs—
Friendship and duty are at strife within me,
And, follow which I will, I must be wretched—

There is a dreadful story to be told—
But say,—If I preserve thy peace of mind,
Wilt thou indulge me with a father's life?—
For, if he dies, he dies by what I utter.

RICHARD.

Be not alarm'd, Idalia;—if Comenes
Forgetful of his word, conspires against us,
Doubt not but we have courage to repel him,
And for thy sake shall be inclin'd to spare;—
But sure this cannot be.—

IDALIA.

—— Too sure it is—
E'en now the treach'rous arrow wings its way—
It seeks thee in the dark.—

RICHARD.

—— I may not fear it.

IDALIA.

Nay, but to wound thee in the tend'rest
part.

RICHARD.

How?—What?—My Queen?—

IDALIA.

—— At her the stroke is aim'd—
She is the destin'd prey—

RICHARD.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 81

RICHARD.

——— Unworthy man—
But, thanks to heav'n, we are prepar'd to meet
him.

IDALIA.

O! ill prepar'd art thou to cope with
fraud—

Clad in the white habiliments of France,
With Philip's leave, the cruel spoilers come
To snatch the Queen for ever from thy sight.

RICHARD.

Ha! Is the plot thus fatally concerted?—
Who waits there?—Instant call Lord Glanville
to me—

But how shall I repay, my kind preserver,
This friendly notice?—

IDALIA.

——— Swear to save my father—
Whatever his demerits, save him, save him,—
Think what I suffer to reveal his shame,—
And, O! involve me not in parricide.

RICHARD.

Be comforted, inimitable maid—
Thy wishes shall be ever sacred to me—
I will not injure her who gives me safety.

SCENE IV.

RICHARD, GLANVILLE, IDALIA:

RICHARD.

Approach, my chief,—deceit is busy here—
It wears the habit of our Gallic friends—
Say, is thy guard alert?—

L

GLANVILLE.

82 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

GLANVILLE.

——— It is, my Sov'reign.

RICHARD.

'Tis well—bring hither a selected band—
Men of cool valour, of command observant—
Head them thyself—

GLANVILLE. [*Going out.*]

——— My Liege, 'tis done this instant.

RICHARD.

Thus, perfidy shall meet its just reward—
Whilst thee, fair excellence, each saint shall
bless,

And rescu'd England take delight to honour.

IDALIA.

Let but the King find mercy, 'tis enough—
I could not live beneath a load of crime—
I will not live beneath a parent's curse—
What then have I to do but yield to fate?

RICHARD.

Not so—A lasting happiness awaits thee—
Trust me, we shall at length reclaim Comenes—
France has seduc'd him now—But we'll subdue
His spirit by repeated acts of Kindness.

GLANVILLE. [*returning.*]

See, Sir, the chosen party you requir'd.

RICHARD.

Come, my brave people, and defend your
Queen—

But give due heed to my supreme command—
Hurt not the King of Cyprus, on your lives.

GLANVILLE.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 83

GLANVILLE.

But where are these imaginary foes?—
Our troops on ev'ry side invest the palace,
And nothing can escape their watchful eyes.

IDALIA.

Alas! by ways unknown the danger comes,—
By secret passages—and hark, I hear
The tread of feet,—fly to Berelda's chamber—
Thither they tend—

RICHARD.

—— Follow me, valiant soldiers.

IDALIA.

Yet, oh! remember—

RICHARD.

—— Fear not, beauteous Princess,

(*Exeunt Rich. Glanv. &c.*)

SCENE V.

IDALIA.

Now, now, the lot is cast beyond recall,
And the stern voice of honour is obey'd—
Ye spotless martyrs in the cause of truth,
Ye spirits of the just, look down from heav'n,
Approvè my virtue, and receive my soul—
Ah me! the clash of arms, the mortal conflict—

I hear, I hear it—terrible it sounds—
But, O my heart, be firm—there yet remains

84 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

To watch the first explosion of the storm—
That done, let me be number'd with the dead.

S C E N E VI.

RICHARD, BERELDA, IDALIA.

RICHARD.

Haste, my Berelda, from the scene of horror.—

BERELDA.

Am I indeed deliver'd from the ruffians?—
Hast thou again, my guardian angel, sav'd me?

RICHARD.

Thanks to this matchless virtue, thou art safe—

Her gen'rous soul, untaught to harbour evil,
Reveal'd the plot, and sent me to thy rescue.

IDALIA.

Say, King of England, hast thou kept thy word?—

Lives my misguided father?—

RICHARD.

——— Yes, he lives———

My arm was his defence—fierce, tho' he rag'd,
A trifling hurt was all the skirmish cost him.

IDALIA.

Then he is wounded—dire, unnatural act—
Lo! by the daughter's hand the parent bleeds—
Swift, let me fly, and, at his sacred feet,
Confess my fault, and die to make atonement.

(Exit Idal.)

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

BERELDA, RICHARD.

BERELDA.

Big with new woes how ev'ry moment rises—
Sure 'tis the region of malignant fiends,
And not a denizen of light regards it.

RICHARD.

Be cheer'd, my love—abandon these vain
terrors—

What region is exempted from the snares
Of wicked men?—What state of life from out-
rage?—

Heav'n gives to none a freedom from assault;—
But if it gives us vigilance to guard,
And courage to repel, what need we more?

BERELDA.

When will my sorrows finish?—

RICHARD.

——— They are past—

The arts of France, the villainies of Cyprus,
Are now exhausted.—All the rest is peace.

BERELDA.

Fain would my soul take comfort in thy
words—

But, if I cease to tremble for myself,
Still must I tremble for our gen'rous friend—
Baulk'd of his destin'd prey, the savage King,
Who never listen'd to the voice of nature,

Who

86 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Who knows not to forgive, when thou art gone,
Shall pour his vengeance on his daughter's
head—

And she will die for daring to be virtuous.

RICHARD.

Not so—I pledge my honour for her safety—
Before I quit the isle, she shall be plac'd
Beyond all danger.—Ha! What groan is that?
Some cursed enterprize is still on foot—
Wretch I am with thee!

BERELDA.

——— Do not, do not, leave me!

RICHARD.

An instant brings me back—

BERELDA.

——— It must not be.—

Those desp'rate villains—this detested palace—
Do not go from me—

RICHARD.

——— Be compos'd, my life—

See, Glanville comes—

SCENE VIII.

RICHARD, GLANVILLE, BERELDA.

RICHARD.

——— What means that pallid look?—
What horror quivers on thy bloodless lip?—
Quick, and resolve me—

GLANVILLE.

RICHARD IN CYPRUS. 87

GLANVILLE.

——— I have seen a sight,
That chills my soul—that execrable monster!—

BEREIDA.

Heav'ns! What, the Princess—

GLANVILLE.

——— By a father's hand,
The deadly steel is driven to her heart.

RICHARD.

Why was he not disarm'd?—

GLANVILLE.

——— He was, my sov'reign—
When, lo! with wild despair rush'd in amongst
us

The royal maid—our warriors all gave way
Respectful, at the sight of weeping beauty—
Eager she flew, and, prostrate at his feet,
Accus'd herself of having caus'd his bane,
And pray'd him to revenge—In silent anger
The ruthless monarch heard, nor deign'd reply—
But strait, with rapid fury, snatch'd a sword
From the astonied soldier, who stood by him,
And plung'd it in her bosom.—

RICHARD.

——— Dire assassin—
Hapless Idalia—much lamented maid—
But vengeance shall be swift—

GLANVILLE.

——— See, Sir, they bring
The dying Princess—

RICHARD.

88 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

RICHARD.

————— Go, and watch the murderer—
Keep from him ev'ry instrument of death—
First bind his vile accomplices in chains—
Then lead him hither to receive his doom.

(Exit Glanv.)

SCENE IX.

IDALIA, BERELDA, RICHARD,

[ARBANE AND ATTENDANTS.]

IDALIA.

It is enough, Arbane—I discern
The royal pair—Let all, but thou retire.
At length, O King, my glory is redeem'd—
Come, see, how cheerfully I part with life,
To expiate for the breach of filial duty—
Thou, dear companion of my heart, draw
near,
And take my last affectionate adieu.

BERELDA.

Mysterious heav'n—Are these the just re-
wards
Of innocence?—Has virtue no protector?—
And is it thus, my sister and my friend,
And is it thus we meet?

RICHARD.

————— Thou soul of honour,
Who diest for having serv'd me, think, O
think,

What

What are my feelings to behold thee thus?—
I cannot speak them—but I will repay—
And the relentless author of this ruin
Shall feel my justice—

IDA LIA.

——— O! it must not be—
The absolute disposal of my fate
Was vested in him, both as King and father—
Thou hast no right to call him to account—
Besides, a solemn promise intervenes,
And my expiring breath reminds thee of it—
And now to thee, the sister of my choice,
I turn me—Clear has burnt our lamp of friend-
ship—
The stroke of death may quench it for a space—
But we'll revive it in the realms of bliss,
And our immortal souls shall love for ever.

B E R E L D A.

O my torn heart!—And must we be di-
vided?—
But let me not exclaim—thou wilt be happy—
We, who survive, shall feel the deep distress.

IDA LIA.

Rather rejoice—for oh! there is a cause,
That makes life odious—'tis the only secret,
That could not be committed to thy truth.—
As, in our thoughts, we have been ever one,
So also in our loves—To the same object
Our hearts inclin'd—One hero charm'd us
both—

M

Thy

90 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Thy merit won him—may he bless thee long—
Thou bless the stroke that takes me from de-
spair.

BERELDA.

Distraction! —

IDALIA.

—— Friend—disturb not my last moments—
The pangs of dissolution are upon me—
Farewel—esteem my memory—save my fa-
ther— [dies.]

BERELDA.

She dies, my Richard,—Whither shall I fly?

RICHARD.

Fly to these arms, Berelda,—here find com-
fort—

Down, down, ye strong emotions—these are
scenes,

That rob the manly heart of all its force;—
But let us struggle to resume our firmness.—

And lo! the tender passions all recede—
Th' indignant flame rekindles—see, they bring
The author of this wide extended woe—

S C E N E

SCENE X.

RICHARD, COMENES, BERELDA, GLANVILLE, ARBANE. [*Guards.*]

RICHARD.

Soul of inhuman violence approach—
See the poor victim of thy barb'rous rage,—
And seeing, dread the tortures that await thee—
Tremble, thou man of blood—

COMENES.

——— Thou man of folly —
Thou insolent, to hope that I should tremble—
Still I pursue thee with unceasing hate,
Still my determin'd spirit braves thy vengeance—
Unfortunate Idalia—if remorse
Could reach me, I should feel it for thy sake—
Yet disobedience ever thus should suffer,
And treason should be ever thus repaid—
But thou art dead, and I am satisfied—
Arise, thou strong in words, but weak in
deeds—
Fulfil thy threats, and join me to my daughter.

RICHARD.

In vain thou askest a release from misery—
Long must thou groan in chains—that injur'd
goodness
Living forbade my arm to touch thy life,
And from the realms of bliss forbids me still.

M 2

COMENES.

92 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

COMENES.

Weak, inconfid'rate, open-hearted man—
 Fortune is not more diligent to guard thee,
 Than thou art to contrive thy own undoing—
 By heav'n, 'twere easy to beguile thee still—
 Be then advis'd, and give me instant death,—
 There is no safety for thee whilst I live.

RICHARD.

Wretch, I disdain all further conference with
 thee—
 Glanville, let chains and darkness be his por-
 tion—
 And, above all, take heed he finds no means
 To end an hateful being—

COMENES.

——— Vain precaution—
 Who shall prevent a soul resolv'd to seek
 Its own dismissal?—Hast thou never heard
 That poniards may be hidden?—Now then
 learn it— *[Breaks loose, &c.]*

BERELDA.

The King——defend him.——

COMENES. *[prevented.]*

——— Nay then, 'tis but thus—

[Kills himself.]

Now, Richard, thou art safe, and I am free.

[Dies.]

RICHARD.

Already is that haughty spirit fled?—
 Hast thou at length aton'd for all thy crimes?—
 Let then oblivion throw her veil around them.

SCENE

SCENE THE LAST.

MARSHAL, RICHARD, BERELDA,
GLANVILLE, ARBANE, &c.

MARSHAL.

The French, my Liege, abandon now the
city—

Their monarch so enjoins—One only gate,
(But for what cause I know not) they retain.

RICHARD.

Behold that mournful sight, and read the
cause—

Lo! there, Comenes, and his virtuous daughter,
Victims to Philip's perfidy—at us

The blow was aim'd, —but since the impious
scheme

Is disappointed, and a solemn oath

Binds us to war with them in Palestine—

Let us conceal our knowledge of their false
hood,

But never trust them more — Come, my Be-
rela—

'Tis time to quit this melancholy scene—

Ere this the Prelates wait us at the altar.

BERELDA.

O, my lov'd Lord—the sacred marriage
rites

May not be mingled with the sorrowing tears,
Which

94 RICHARD IN CYPRUS.

Which friendship bids me shed—nor can I
seek

The altar, while my soul is fill'd with terror.

RICHARD.

Repose thy terrors in my faithful bosom,—
Be mine to dry thy tears;—but not a moment
May I permit thee to delay my bliss—

Nor is it needful to indulge in woe—
The last sad duties we may pay to earth,
The tender memory we ought to cherish—
But that is all—trust me, her raptur'd spirit
Smiles at the weak display of human grief—
Virtuous in life, in death she must be happy—
Angels have robed her with immortal glory,
And she is number'd with the Saints of Heav'n.

END of the FIFTH and LAST ACT.

